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WITH THE.  
BY W. W. ELLSWORTH.  
I'd rather walk through shower with thee,  
Than with another when the air  
Is soft with summer, and as fair  
The heavens above us as a sea  
Of dim, unfathomable sapphires, where,  
Slow drifting on a liquid sky,  
The white-sailed ships of God float by.  
Sweeter in storm to be with thee,  
Dark waters round us, and the roar  
Of breakers on an unseen shore  
Resounding louder on the lee,  
Than with another, sailing o'er  
A tipping lake, where angry gale  
May never rend the silken sail.

Only a Dressmaker.  
"Do you really love me, Charles?"  
"Do I really live and breathe? Now  
Ruth, what's the use of asking such an  
absurd question as that, when you know  
perfectly well that I don't belong to  
myself at all. I'm a slave—a miserable  
slave, abject captive in the chain of your  
sweet eyes and gentle words—and  
what's more, I haven't the least desire  
to regain my lost freedom!"  
"Nonsense, Charles!"  
But Ruth Murray said "Nonsense!"  
in a tone that clearly meant "The very  
best of sense;" and Mr. Charles Trevor  
took advantage of the coquettish syllables  
accordingly.  
They were sitting in the library of  
the fine old country house, with a  
bright fire blazing. Charles Trevor  
was tall, and dark and handsome, with  
wavy black hair, and frank features,  
while Ruth Murray was very small and  
very plump, with long, brown eye-  
lashes, and lips red and ripe as straw-  
berries, and hair like golden wheat  
stirred into fantastic ripples by sum-  
mer evening winds. Only that she  
was wonderfully pretty and coquettish  
withal, as many pretty girls are apt to  
be. Isn't that enough?  
"Charles," she said, thoughtfully,  
playing with one of the sparkling but-  
tons of her jacket,—"I do believe that  
you love me—but I'm afraid that your  
sentiments will undergo an alteration  
when you know that—that—"  
"I ought to have told you before,"  
faltered Ruth, coloring vividly, and  
seeming to shrink away from the ruddy  
shine of the fire, "only—"  
"Told me what, darling?"  
"That I am only a dressmaker."  
"You a dressmaker! And visiting  
at Wardley Place?"  
"Kate Wardley and I were school  
companions, Charles—and she is very  
kind—and she promised to tell nobody,  
lest people should be cold to me."

"Stop a minute, Ruth, said Mr. Trevor.  
"I didn't ask the question because  
the fact made one which difference in  
our relations towards one another; only  
I was taken a little by surprise, as it  
were. A dressmaker, are you? Well,  
Ruth, I shouldn't care if you were a  
crossing-sweeper. I love you—and  
that's enough for me."  
"But, Charles, I am poor and ob-  
scure."  
"What of that? I am not rich, by  
any means; but I am fully capable of  
working for both of us; and as for  
being obscure, why, we'll try and see  
if we cannot make ourselves a name in  
the world, Ruth."  
"But you are not obscure, Charles.  
The Trevors stand high in the circles of  
fashion. I know that, humble little  
dressmaker though I am."  
"What then?"  
"Why, the world will say that you  
have made a *mistake*."  
"And what care I for the world's  
verdict, as long as I am happy in your  
love? Little Ruth, what sort of a mer-  
cenary renegade do you take me for? I  
love you—and I'm going to marry you!"  
There was a glitter suspiciously like  
tears on the long eyelashes, as Ruth  
felt Charles Trevor's loving glance resting  
on her face, and the little hand  
stole softly into his, with an uncon-  
sciously confiding movement.

"Charles," said Ruth, in a soft stifled  
voice, "I'll try to be a good wife to  
you."  
"And then—oh, strange, inscrutable  
heart of woman!—Ruth Murray cried,  
just because she was so very happy."  
And the next day, the gay country-  
house coterie broke up, all the guests  
going their several ways, and owing,  
one to another, "that they had had a  
delightful time," and the next chapter  
in their book of fashionable dissipation  
commenced—while Ruth Murray went  
home to a house with a shop, where a  
plate bore the words, "Miss Mackenzie  
Dressmaker."

The bright January sunshine was  
turning the trusted snow to diamonds,  
and making Miss Mackenzie's shabby  
carpet look half a dozen degrees shab-  
bier than ever. The clock has just  
struck eleven, and Ruth Murray, in a  
blue de laine dress, and a trim linen  
collar, was tacking together the  
breastings of a gold-colored glove silk,  
with her rosary mouth full of pins. Miss  
Mackenzie stood watching her, with a  
skirt-lining depending from her bony  
arm.  
"Ruth," said the old maid dubiously,  
"I don't understand you at all."  
"Don't you fret? Well, that's not  
at all strange, for half the time I don't  
understand myself."  
"No; but—Ruth, this arrangement  
seems to me so unsatisfactory—so un-  
suitable—"  
"I never had an apprentice learn

half so quickly. Those white little  
fingers of yours seem gifted by magic!"  
"Thank you," said Ruth, bowing de-  
murely. "The yellow silk, please.  
Didn't you tell me that Miss Trevor  
was coming here at eleven to try on  
her dress?"  
"So she said—and there is the car-  
riage dashing up to the door. It's a  
fine thing to be rich. Are you sure the  
dress is ready, Ruth?"  
"Quite."  
Perhaps Ruth Murray's cheek was a  
trifle pinker than usual as Miss Trevor  
rushed loftily into the room; but other-  
wise there was no shade of difference  
in her manner or demeanor.  
"I'm afraid I'm a little behind time,"  
began the imperious young lady throw-  
ing off her costly ermine cape; "but—  
Why Ruth Murray, this surely  
cannot be you!"  
"It is I, Miss Trevor."  
"Miss Trevor stared. "I am  
Miss Mackenzie's assistant."  
"A dressmaker!" almost shrieked  
Miss Trevor.  
"Yes; a dressmaker."  
"Maria drew herself up haughtily.  
"This is very strange," she said rig-  
idly; "may, it is quite unaccountable.  
I thought you were a visitor at Ward-  
ley place."  
"I was."  
"And did Kate Wardley know—"  
"Who I was? Perfectly."  
"Maria tossed her head.  
"Upon my word! this was really a  
gratuitous insult to her other  
guests? Kate Wardley shall know my  
opinion of her conduct!"  
Ruth had grown pale and then red;  
but the next moment a score of laugh-  
ing dimples broke out around her  
mouth.  
"It was dreadful to admit a dress-  
maker into the circle of her aristocratic  
friends—and it was unheard of audac-  
ity in the dressmaker to venture within  
the charmed limits. Will you allow  
me to try on your dress, Miss Trevor?"  
Maria stood haughtily silent in the  
middle of the room, while Ruth  
mounted on a stool, to bring her nearer  
to Miss Trevor's height, put in pins  
here and there, and laid little folds and  
basted refractory seams.  
"She is pretty," thought Maria, as  
the sunlight glanced athwart Ruth's  
golden hair, and showed the exquisi-  
tely fine texture of her rose-leaf skin.  
"No pearl powder there! I wonder if  
there is any truth in the report that  
Charles fancied her! The idea of our  
brother flirting with a dressmaker—for  
of course it was nothing more than a  
flirtation!"  
And Miss Maria unconsciously gave  
herself such a jerk that two pins flew  
half across the room, and Ruth arched  
her eyebrows.  
"Dear me, Miss Trevor, I shall never  
get your dress fitted if you don't stand  
still!"  
"Home!" said Maria Trevor, imper-  
atively, to the coachman, as she folded  
the gay Afghan over her silken skirts.  
Mrs. Trevor was dreaming over a bit  
of embroidery by the fire; and Charles  
Trevor, standing in the bay window,  
was glancing up and down the columns  
of the morning paper, as Miss Maria  
entered. It was a magnificent draw-  
ing-room, with ceilings of fresco and  
gold, and carpets soft and rich as finest  
moss, white, plate-glass windows hung  
with massive satin draperies, let in a  
softened light; and rich pictures glim-  
mered on the walls. The Trevors were  
not rich—but the Trevors were very  
worldly, and knew exactly how to make  
appearances their tool.

"Mamma, what do you think?" ex-  
claimed Maria, breathless and eager;  
"that Ruth Murray, whom we met at  
Wardley Place—the pretty blonde I  
told you of—"  
"What of her?" asked Mrs. Trevor.  
"As Maria stopped for breath, and Charles  
looked quickly up, with a deep flush  
on his cheek.  
"She's nothing but a dressmaker!"  
"Nonsense, Maria! You must be  
mistaken."  
"But I am not mistaken, mamma! I  
saw her this very morning at Miss Mac-  
kenzie's and she tried my dress on with  
her own hands!"  
"Surely, my love, Kate Wardley  
would never invite a young person in  
that social position to—"  
"But, mamma, the Wardleys are so  
odd, you never know what freaks they  
may be guilty of. The idea of a com-  
mon dressmaker's presuming to asso-  
ciate with those so far above her!"  
"Stop a moment, Maria," said  
Charles Trevor, advancing into the  
room. "I have yet to learn in what  
respect Miss Murray is at all inferior  
to any of the guests at Wardley Place.  
In my estimation, her beauty, grace,  
and intellect place her far above any  
young lady there!"  
"There, mamma, I told you how it  
was!" said Maria, turning to her  
mother. "Charles has been just fool-  
ish enough to become infatuated with  
her baby face. I wish we had never  
gone to Wardley Place!"  
"My dear boy," urged Mrs. Trevor,  
"you surely cannot be in earnest."  
"Mother," said Charles, quietly, "I  
am so deeply and entirely in earnest,  
that I shall ask you within a few days  
to welcome Ruth Murray as your son's  
wife."

"Charles," gasped the mother, "are  
you insane?"  
"Will you receive her as a second  
daughter, mother?"  
"Never!"  
We must remember that there are  
many people who, although lacking  
originality, yet wish to say something  
striking, and thus the most whimsical  
things of all sorts are produced.  
A good name is properly that reputa-  
tion of virtue that every man may chal-  
lenge as his right and due in the opin-  
ions of others until he has made forfeit  
of it by the viciousness of his actions.  
A bad breath—The breath of calumny.

"And I will never, never recognize  
her as one of the family," exclaimed  
Maria, actually pale with anger.  
"Charles, how dare you so degrade  
us?"  
"It is an honor, Maria," returned  
her brother, calmly. "Ruth is a jewel  
of the first water—more the pity that  
you are blind to its sparkle."  
"But, Charles—my son!" pleaded  
the mother, "we have so depended on  
you making a wealthy alliance."  
"Mother, I am sick of this scheming  
and maneuvering," passionately spoke  
out the young man. "Depend upon it,  
I never shall become the hanger-on to  
a rich wife. I have too much respect  
for myself ever to be bought and sold  
in the matrimonial market. I love  
Ruth Murray—and I shall marry her!"  
And from this position no storm of  
tears, reproaches, or upbraidings could  
induce him to swerve one hair's breadth.  
"And when will you be my wife,  
Ruth?"  
"Only wait until February, Charles,  
pleaded the blue-eyed little damsel. "I  
have but one relation in the world—my  
uncle—and he is coming home from  
abroad. I should like him to be pre-  
sent at my marriage."

So Charles Trevor waited much  
against his will.  
Maria Trevor came into the drawing-  
room one evening, full charged with  
the fashionable od of the day.  
"Mamma, everybody is talking about  
this Sir William Murray, who has ar-  
rived from India. Mr. Lacy says he  
was commander in chief there, and is  
immensely rich; moreover that he is a  
bachelor, and has a niece who is to be  
his sole heiress. Couldn't we contrive  
to make their acquaintance? Oh, if  
Charles wasn't such an infatuated man-  
about this dressmaking-girl."  
"It's the same name," mused Mrs.  
Trevor; "surely they cannot be con-  
nected?"  
"General Murray connected with a  
dressmaker? That looks likely, don't it?"  
And Mrs. Trevor owned to herself  
that the idea had been a very visionary  
one.

The wedding was to be very quiet—  
Ruth had insisted upon this—and as  
she walked to the church dressed in a  
neat gray travelling gown, leaning con-  
fidingly on the arm of her future hus-  
band, a sudden memory flashed across  
Charles Trevor's brain.  
"I thought you expected an uncle,  
Ruth?"  
"He will meet us at the church,  
Charles."  
"And you've never even told me his  
name?"  
"His name? Oh, it is General Sir  
William Murray!"  
"What? Not the General Sir Wil-  
liam Murray?"  
"I think there is but one General Sir  
William Murray," said Ruth, smiling  
at her astonishment.  
"Hallo!" ejaculated Charles, stop-  
ping short and staring down into the  
blue eyes, "and are you the heiress  
that half the world is gossiping about?"  
"I believe so, Charles."

Charles Trevor never spoke another  
word until the marriage ceremony re-  
quired his voice, and hardly knew  
whether he was awake or dreaming  
when his little wife introduced him to  
the tall, white-haired old gentleman  
who had given her away, as "Uncle  
William."  
"Young man," said the General,  
"my niece tells me she has married un-  
der false pretences—do you regret the  
transaction?"  
"Not a bit of it," said Charles, heart-  
ily. "I don't care whether she's  
dressmaker or heiress, as long as she is  
my own little Ruth."  
"It was her own caprice," said the  
venerable laughing. "The fact is, Ruth  
was so afraid of becoming a victim to  
some devious fortune hunter—"  
"That she turned dressmaker in self-  
defense," said Ruth, flushing her  
uncle's sentence for her. "Kate  
Wardley and Miss Mackenzie—who  
had once been my mother's maid—were  
alone cognizant of my secret; and they  
have kept it well. Now it is no longer  
a secret. Oh, Charles, how I trem-  
bled that night at Wardley Place, lest  
you should withdraw your love when  
—when I told you that I was only a  
dressmaker!"  
"I loved you, Ruth," said honest  
Charles, all unconscious that any other  
explanation was possible.  
And Ruth looked triumphantly at  
her uncle, with eyes that said, "Have  
I not won a prize?"  
Uncle William wiped his spectacles,  
and smiled, and said nothing. To him  
Ruth was the dearest thing in all the  
world, and he could fully sympathize  
with Mr. Charles Trevor.

Mrs. Ruth welcomed her mother and  
sweet-in-law to her palace home with a  
sister-frankness and cordial welcome  
that almost persuaded Maria into the  
belief that she had entirely forgotten  
that little episode in Miss Mackenzie's  
room; and Maria loved dearly to talk  
to her fashionable friends about "dar-  
ling little sister Ruth—the heiress, you  
know, that Charles married!"  
We must remember that there are  
many people who, although lacking  
originality, yet wish to say something  
striking, and thus the most whimsical  
things of all sorts are produced.  
A good name is properly that reputa-  
tion of virtue that every man may chal-  
lenge as his right and due in the opin-  
ions of others until he has made forfeit  
of it by the viciousness of his actions.  
A bad breath—The breath of calumny.

A Greek Funeral.  
The Constantinople correspondent of  
an Edinburgh paper, refers to the death  
of its washer-woman as follows: "A  
few hours before the funeral the body  
was placed in a bath filled with wine,  
and there washed by the priest and his  
deacon. The corpse was afterward  
dressed in the best costumes of the de-  
ceased, and laid face uncovered, in the  
coffin. This being done, the priest rec-  
ited certain prayers, and sprinkled the  
coffin with holy water, and this was  
also done by the relatives and their  
friends. The corpse was then carried  
out by bearers, and on reaching the  
door of the cottage the person the most  
dear to the relative approached bearing  
a cupful of white wine and a sponge,  
and after having them blessed by the  
priest, proceeded to wash the mouth of  
the dead woman with the wine as a  
symbol of washing away her iniquities.  
This done, the cup was thrown on the  
ground, trod on, broken in many pieces,  
and its fragments hastily covered over  
with earth or thrown into the sea. The  
funeral procession was then formed,  
and started in the following order:  
First came the deacon, carrying the lid  
of the coffin, and accompanied by three  
friends of the deceased—and carrying a  
tray covered with numerous small  
glasses, another with a tray of small  
bits of toasted bread, and the third car-  
rying a large bottle of wine. These  
were followed by the chorists, the  
priest, the body, (the face uncovered),  
and lastly, by the relatives and friends.  
In this order the company paraded  
through all the streets of the village,  
the women and the family, assisted by  
the professional weeping women, cry-  
ing and loudly lamenting, and all after-  
ward returned to the house of the de-  
ceased. There the corpse was laid for  
a few minutes on the ground at the en-  
trance, and then taken up and held  
high in the air by the bearers, the re-  
latives and friends thereupon passing un-  
der the coffin as a token of respect for  
the dead. The funeral thereafter pro-  
ceeded to the church, where, while the  
usual ceremonies were being con-  
ducted, the wine and toast was handed  
around, and each person partook of  
them, saying in a loud voice, "May the  
Lord receive her," the deacon answer-  
ing each time, "Amen," and incensing  
the speakers. A fresh collection was  
made for the family, and then the  
funeral started for the burial ground.  
There the corpse was deposited of its  
finery, the coffin covered up and laid in  
the earth, amid the fresh lamentations  
of the women. Sweetmeats were then  
thrown on the grave, and each assist-  
ant was bound to pick one up and eat it,  
saying afresh, "May the Lord receive  
her." The funeral having thus con-  
cluded, the family and friends re-  
turned to the nearest cafe, where I had  
the satisfaction of seeing the husband  
of the defunct washer-woman consoling  
himself by getting gloriously drunk on  
"raki," a kind of white brandy which is  
largely drunk by the lower orders in  
this country. Three days after the  
funeral, plates of boiled barley covered  
with sugar, called "colivas," were sent  
around to all the acquaintances of the  
family, and eaten in memory of the de-  
ceased. This latter custom in the  
richer families is renewed three months  
and nine days after the death."

Scenes in Cairo.  
The traveler who desires to see the  
Mohammedan at home cannot do better  
than seek him in Cairo, and he finds in  
the narrow, picturesque streets of the  
old parts of the town scenes of interest  
which he may seek in vain elsewhere.  
When he emerges into the modern  
quarters the change is remarkable.  
Though all the tyranny of the Turks  
has not sufficed to alter the indelible  
characteristics of the place, and though  
the wide squares, the fountains, the  
gardens, the arcades, and the watered  
roads, the rows of villas a half-French  
look, the people who crowd every French-  
quarter are as unlike anything European  
as they can be.

Here, a long string of groaning  
camels, led by a Bedouin in a white  
capote, carries loads of green clover or  
long fagots of sugar cane. There, half-  
dozen blue-gowned women squat idly  
in the middle of the roadway. A  
brown-skinned boy walks about with  
no clothing on his long, lean limbs, or  
a lady smothered in voluminous drap-  
ery rides by on a donkey, her face cov-  
ered with a transparent white veil, and  
her knees nearly as high as her chin.  
A bullock cart with small wheels, which  
creek horribly at every turn, goes past  
with its cargo of treacle jars. Hun-  
dreds of donkey boys lie in wait for a  
fare; myriads of half-clad children  
play lazily in the gutters, turbaned  
Arabs smoke long pipes and converse  
eagerly at the corners, and every now  
and then a pair of running foot-  
men, in white shirts and wide short  
trousers, shout to clear the way, for a  
carriage in which, behind half drawn  
blinds some fine lady of the viceregal  
harem takes the air. She is accompan-  
ied perhaps by a little boy in European  
dress, and by a governess or nurse  
whose bonnet and French costume con-  
trasts strangely with the veiled figure  
opposite.

A still greater contrast is offered by  
the appearance of the women who stand  
by as the carriage passes, whose babies  
are carried astride on the shoulder, or  
sometimes in the baskets so carefully  
balanced on the head. The baskets  
hardly differ from those depicted on the  
walls of the ancient tombs, and proba-  
bly the baby, entirely naked, and its  
eyes full of black flies, is much like  
what its ancestors were in the days of  
the Pharaohs. In the older quarters of  
the town the scenes are much the same,  
only that there is not so much room for  
observing them; for the streets are sel-  
dom wider than Paternoster Row, and  
the traveler who stops to look around  
him is roughly jostled by Hinnah the  
porter, with his heavy bald of carpets,  
or the uncle of Aladdin, with his bas-  
ket of copper lamps, or the water-car-  
rier, clinking his brazen cups, with an  
immense skin slung under his stooping  
shoulders.

The Japanese.  
The sovereign remedy for all ailments  
is shampooing, and he who inherits the  
trade is blinded in his childhood for the  
sake of modesty. Shampooers are in  
constant demand; at almost every cor-  
ner one is met feeling his way by the  
aid of a long staff, and blowing the  
whistle that designates his occupation.  
The women have graceful modest bear-  
ing; in public never forward. In mar-  
riage they shave the eyebrows and  
stain the teeth as a tribute to the hus-  
band's honor.  
Among the better classes much care is  
taken in the education of women, and  
time, pains and patience are expended  
upon music. History, romance and  
important facts are imparted by tradi-  
tional poetry that is sung to the accom-  
paniment of the samisen, an instru-  
ment not unlike the banjo, but with a  
square body. The vocalization is harsh  
and disagreeable.  
Crime is speedily and severely re-  
buked. The capital punishment are haru-  
kiri, beheading, and for parricide and  
the gravest offenses, crucifixion.  
The haru-kiri has been much modified  
of late; it is preserved for State offend-  
ers to whom some consideration is due,  
but death demanded. Ordinarily the  
execution takes place in a temple, or at  
the palace of some Daimio, who is or-  
dered to superintend the ceremony. A  
friend or second is selected, who stands  
by the offender with a drawn sword, the  
katana; a salver is then offered the  
principle, in which lies a knife for dis-  
emboweling, and as he seizes it the sec-  
ond cleaves off his head at a blow. This  
is a humane modification of the method  
requiring the principal to cut into his  
abdomen before decapitation. This  
form without interposition of a second,  
is quite popular as a method of  
seeking death when overpowered  
by grief for a lost friend or  
patron, or to oppose a sea of troubles.  
Beheading malefactors is done by a State  
agent, who has distinguished himself in  
military life. The victim is bound in a  
kneeling posture, and the executioner,  
standing behind, delivers a blow that  
severs the head. This is then exposed  
on a cross-beam by the roadside. In  
crucifixion the culprit is bound to a  
cross with thongs, and, after a pre-  
scribed time of agonized exposure, life  
is tapped with spears. The Tokaido,  
the great thoroughfare of Japan, is  
thus ornamented with trophies of justice  
to terrify the ill-disposed and to assure  
the upright.

Sword making is considered an hon-  
orable occupation and a connoisseur of  
blades can identify the handiwork of a  
celebrated maker with the certainty  
some of us recognize the painting of an  
old master. To fashion clothes, make  
sandals and household utensils, is igno-  
ble and confined to the Eta's, a pro-  
scribed class.

Wit.  
Almost all the great poets, orators,  
statesmen and all time have been  
witty. When wit is combined with  
sense and information, when it is so-  
tened by benevolence and restrained  
by strong principles, when it is in the  
hands of a man who is witty, who loves  
honor, justice, decency, good nature,  
morality and religion ten thousand  
times better than wit, wit is then a  
beautiful and delightful part of our  
nature. There is no more interesting  
spectacle than to see the effects of wit  
upon the different characters of men;  
than to observe it expanding caution,  
relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness  
—teaching ease and care and pain to  
smile—extorting reluctant gleams of  
pains from melancholy, and charming  
even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant  
to observe how it penetrates through  
the coldness and awkwardness of so-  
ciety, gradually bringing men nearer  
together, and, like the combined force  
of oil and wine, giving a man a glad  
heart and a shining countenance. Gen-  
tleness and innocent wit, like this, is  
surely the flavor of the world! Man could  
direct his ways by plain reason, and  
support his ways by tasteless food; but  
God has given us wit, and flavor, and  
brightness, and perfumes to enliven  
the dullest of man's pilgrimage and to  
"charm his pained steps over the burn-  
ing marble."

Our Habits.  
"Like flakes of snow that fall unper-  
ceived upon the earth, the seemingly  
unimportant events of life succeed one  
another. As the snow gathers together,  
so are our habits formed; no single flake  
that is added to the pile produces a sen-  
sible change; no single action creates  
however it may exhibit, a man's char-  
acter; but as the tempest hurls the ava-  
lanche down the mountain, and over-  
whelms the inhabitant and his habita-  
tion, so passion, acting upon the ele-  
ments of mischief, which perilous  
habits have brought together, may over-  
throw the edifice of truth and virtue."

Death makes a beautiful appeal to  
charity. When we look upon the dead  
form, so composed and still, the kind-  
ness and the love that are in us all, come  
forth.—Chapin.

Good News for Nervous People.  
The indications of treatment for  
nervousness are fourfold. First, we  
must remove the cause, we must restore  
tone to the heart, improve the condition  
of the blood, and brace up the nervous  
system; and to these we might add the  
treatment of occasional symptoms. All  
injurious habits, whatever they are  
must be given up, late hours, intemper-  
ance in eating, drinking or smoking,  
etc. That itself is a good start on the  
road to cure; for believe me, reader,  
Nature is very kind. The diet should  
be regulated as to time, quantity and  
quality. The food ought to be nourish-  
ing, and not too sloppy. Soups as a  
rule ought to be avoided so long as  
solid food can be taken. And remem-  
ber never to overeat. It is a thousand  
times better to rise from the table feel-  
ing that you could eat a little more.  
Many a man has lived to ninety simply  
from following this rule. Bread  
should be stale, and the food not over-  
heating. Refreshing sleep ought to be  
secured by exercise. A cold bath  
should be taken every morning, and let  
"Early to bed and early to rise" be your  
motto. Exercise must on no account  
be neglected, and it ought to be exercise  
with some degree of interest and ex-  
citement about it. If a young man or  
young lady either is not doing better  
than a general course of athletics.  
It relieves the mind, gives tone to the  
nerves, and braces and invigorates the  
whole system. Try it. Breakfast early  
and dine about two, letting the supper  
be two hours before going to bed. Avoid  
tea. Change it for good coffee made  
with half milk. Never be induced to  
take a sleeping draught. Above all,  
keep up a good heart, and cherish resolu-  
tion. I need hardly add that change  
of air, cheerful society, and sea-bathing  
are great remedial agents in cases of  
nervousness.

Little by Little.  
If you are gaining little by little,  
every day, be content. Are your expen-  
ses less than your income, so that,  
though it be little, you are yet constan-  
tly accumulating and growing richer  
every day? Be content; so far as  
concerns money, you are doing well.  
Are you gaining knowledge every  
day? Though it be little by little, the  
aggregate of the accumulation, where  
no day is permitted to pass without ac-  
quiring something to the stock, will be sur-  
prising to yourself.  
Solomon did not become the wisest  
man in the world in a minute. Little  
by little—never omitting to learn some-  
thing, even for a single day—always  
reading, always studying a little be-  
tween the time of rising up in the morn-  
ing and lying down at night; this is  
the way to accumulate a full storehouse  
of knowledge. Finally, are you daily  
improving in character? Be not dis-  
couraged because it is little by little.  
The best men fall far short of what they  
themselves would wish to be. It is  
something, it is much, if you keep  
good resolutions better to-day than you  
did yesterday, better this week than  
you did last, better this year than you  
did last year. Strive to be perfect, but  
do not become disheartened so long as  
you are approaching nearer and  
nearer to the high standard at which  
you aim.

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forth.—Chapin.

Food for Thought.  
Education is the chief defense of na-  
tions.—Burke.  
Character is a perfectly educated will.  
—Novatis.  
We should be honorable, even to our  
enemies.—Fabricius.  
No mortal can be esteemed happy till  
the end of life.—Solon.  
He that does good for God's sake seeks  
neither praise nor reward, though sure  
of both.  
With a clear eye and an upright  
heart, resist every temptation and every  
wrong.  
Whatever beauty may be, it has for  
its basis order, and for its essence, unity.  
—Father Andre.  
Japan is making rapid strides. The  
streets of Tokio and Osaka are now  
lighted with gas.  
If the world did but know the worth  
of good men, they would hedge them  
about with pearls.  
To tell is not sufficient; to show is of  
great advantage; but to train is the grand  
secret of success.  
A proper secrecy is the only mystery  
of all; the mystery is the only security  
of weak and cunning ones.  
Our thoughts are epochs in our lives;  
all else but a journal of the winds that  
blow while we are here.  
Men are guided less by conscience  
than by glory, and yet the shortest way  
to glory is to be guided by conscience.  
That only can with propriety be  
styled refinement which, by strength-  
ening the intellect, purifies the man-  
ners.  
The wise men of old have sent  
most of their morality down the stream  
of time in the light skiff of apothegm or  
epigram.  
Some goodness is like the glow worm  
in this, that it shines most when no  
eyes, except those of heaven are upon  
it.—Aron.  
Human life is a gloomy chamber, in  
which the images of the other world  
shine the brighter the deeper it is dark-  
ened.  
If the eagle's head on one of those  
confusing coins points to the left, it's a  
quarter; if to the left, a twenty cent  
piece.  
There are few wild beasts more to be  
dreaded than a communicative man  
with nothing to communicate.—M. de  
Bonald.  
There are many who have eyes with-  
out to take notice of other people's car-  
riage, but they have no eyes to look  
within to themselves.  
Whether religion be true or false it  
must be necessarily granted to be the  
only wise principle and safe hypothesis  
for a man to live and die by.  
It would be uncharitable too severely  
to condemn for faults without taking  
some thought of the sterling goodness  
which mingles in and lessens them.

Russia has 170,000 wolves within its  
boundaries, and they destroyed last  
year not only an enormous quantity of  
cattle and poultry, but also two hundred  
people.  
Afflictions scour us of our rust. Ad-  
versity, like winter weather, is of use  
to kill those vermin which the summer  
prosperity is apt to produce and nourish.  
—Aristotle.  
No true artist ever worked yet for  
ambition. He does the thing that is  
in him to do by a force far stronger than  
himself. The first fruits of a man's gen-  
ius are always pure of greed.  
—If it is easier for you to forgive your  
enemy than to forgive yourself for doing  
the same thing you condemn in  
him, you may be pretty sure that you  
are traveling toward the Promised  
Land.  
In general, it is not very difficult for  
little minds to attain splendid situa-  
tions. It is much more difficult for  
great minds to attain the place to which  
their mind fully entitles them.—Baron  
de Grimm.  
We may be sure of finding, that all  
periods of life have their compensations.  
If our existence is a journey we may  
believe that the part of it which lies  
nearest to our destination will not be  
barren of joy.  
The pleasures of this world are de-  
ceitful. They promise more than they  
give. They trouble us in seeking them,  
they do not satisfy us when possessing  
them, and they makes us despair in  
losing them.  
The table of life is abundantly sup-  
plied. If we don't eat so fast, if we  
taste the better; if we don't eat too  
much, we shall be better nourished; if  
we don't snatch, there will be enough  
for all.—C. G. Ames.  
The theatre has often been at variance  
with the pulpit; they ought not to quar-  
rel. How much it is to be wished that  
in both the celebration of nature and of  
God were intrusted to none but men of  
noble minds.—Goethe.  
Gold is a wonderful clearer of the un-  
derstanding; it dissipates every doubt  
and scruple in an instant; accommodates  
itself to the meanest capacities; silences  
the loud and clamorous and brings the  
most obstinate and inflexible.—Addison.  
Both our mental and moral acqui-  
sitions increase by their communication  
to others; which gives an illustration of  
two truths—first, that we are framed to  
carry out the law of love; and second,  
that the possessions which multiply by  
the imparting are naturally the most  
valuable.  
The Chinese have a custom well  
worthy of imitation. They endeavor to  
make each year of life bear its own bur-  
dens and complete its own work. As the  
old year goes out and a new one comes  
in, every man makes special effort to  
pay his debts, that he may once more  
begin square with the world.  
Of satires I think as Epictetus did:  
"If evil be said of thee, and it be true,  
correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at  
it." By dint of time and experience, I  
have learned to be a good post-horse; I  
go through my appointed daily stage,  
and I care not for the curs who bark at  
me along the road.  
Every disease weakens the digestive  
organs; therefore, in all diseases, the  
food should be light and easy of diges-  
tion, as well as attempt to walk, as for  
one suffering with a fever to